

# No more pen-etraion

By : Vashti Puls

Anger sorrow hollowness emptiness at the lover i trusted- the embryo i did not need but loved-and lost the unfulfilled moments of a lost fulfilment-betrayal lies - a penetration not of pleasure but withdrawal and anger at self for the love still felt the lust still burning the yearning still bursting and temptations still lurking A stream of consciousness to match my restlessness my state of upheaval the raging thoughts and whirl pools of so many memories and dreams and hopes smashed and drems rotted on the branch....never to eat the sweet fruit again - to be condemned like a Geek God for something not of my doing to be sent to purgatory separated from love and light and delight knowing it was in my grasp!

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sigh here i am right or wrong what does it matter if I am weak or strong-the gates are closing i feel i have no options -rut-stuck-like a sow on a spit-like spilt milk-quicksanddamn me i am here for all eternity-i don't want this- no more wishes-no more trustsilence- I would have thought it to be a cacophonous tidal wave of screams =caught in the dream alone- no one can reach me or touch me i can not throw my words like arrows or let them land softly like the petals of flowers- I am mute-injustice? Self fulfilling prophecy perhaps only tabla rosa? it is dry- i can not cry i am dirty not even the sin eaters want me-not even the insects are attracted to my fallen rotten fruit- what comes out of my mouth- worms and snakes- Freudian slips upon Bosch like landscapes,,,,surrealistic roots to strangle me so that i melt into my own imaginary self- no more precarious walking on stilts or tilting over the edges of mountains- my nuts are tied too tight no teeth left to bite with - no knives to cut free the knots which bind me- no magical charms or spells to unbind me - oh ennui- the assault is self inflicted self concocted disease-uncorrected parody's of self loathing indications of misplacement- with out an audience the dictator flees into self absorbed ideology's dogma and martyrdom - once i swallowed the world whole now its holywho(r)les regurgitates me-irritations flies buzzing in my nether regions but without flesh even the frame disintegrates- no more banned booksno more burning of words- am unheard of and have no means to take brush in mouth to paint- my limbs are disconnected sawed off from my trunkthe paper no longer waits for the pen to make its point- the penetration now is merely rape- there is no more ink to spill- the mines yield no jewels- the rigs are merely machines- the drills have dug to deeply- even the squid does not let loose the dark clouds to camouflage herself there is no more poison in the snakes fangs- no more sharks to eat of the blood dripping bate- fate is unheard of- the sirens now mute dolls -no more alarms- the mermaids trail no seaweed the snails no slime- oh sublime emptiness you are void of time- perhaps there can be no better safety than non existence- with out the dance- there is no music rhythm romance- no more chances to take nor miss- you no longer need to give a hand- there is no more drama-no more performances- nothing a miss just frozen stillness- nihilism holds no prisons for there are no obstructions- just pure zeros erasures never weres never has been ever are- no wheres or heres or theres- anarchy would beg to have such greed- no need nor want nor pleasure- no enclosure - no envelopes nor jars to fill nothing to preserve no reserves -beyond negation-you can not hide nor run- no setting nor rising suns- non being the perfect solution to overpopulation slavery and pain- we are gone- and we do not even have to thank you for the favor of ourannihilation- you can not be titillated-- no more plans no more waging or betting- we can not be violated - no exclusion from your history-no shots fired from your cannons- no more laws or bans or restrictions- no judgement or mockery- nothing to take stock of - no shocks- no simulated pity or empathy- no checkers to be kinged or queens to be ransomed nor presidents or elections -no inspections- no military lines of defense- no stones to throw or names to call or glass to be broken- no tokens- no off color jokes - no mismatched patterns- no waivers or free passes- class is over- rainbows have no color- clouds no silver lining- no wrinkles- no rags- no begging- no drowning or hags or midwives- no freak shows- no bootstraps or bulls horns to grab onto-no pride or exclusions no ancient relics nor runes no fools - no

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tools to work with - no hands to shake- no clocks to dictate waking nor sleeping- no dreams- there are no highways- vehicles- pollution- chemicals concrete- no streets paved of gold no mold or rot or waste no dumps- no trains or tracks no signs - no ruins or runes- nothing predictable- no foreclosures-its over because it never was nor will be-no more stories pages turned lessons learned -no poetry there is no beginning and no end...

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